Plonged in ẏ wawe of mortall dystresse
Alas for wo to whome shall I cōplayne
Or who shall deuoyde this huge heuynesse p.14.
From me moost wofull mary Magdeleyne
My lord is gone alas who wrought this tryen
This sodeyne chaūce perseth my herte so depe
That nothynge can I do but wayle and wepe

My lorde is gone that here in graue was layd
After his grete passyon and deth cruell
Who hath hym this agayne betrayde
Or what man here aboute can me tell
Where he is becomen the prynce of Israell
Iesus of Nazareth/my goostly socoure
My perfyte loue/and hope of all honoure

What creature hath hym hens caryed
Or how myght this so sodeynly befall
I wolde I had here with hym taryed
And so sholde I haue hadde my purpos all
I bought oyntementes full precyous and ryall
Wherwith I thought his cors to haue anoȳted
But he thus gone/my mynde is despoynted

Whyle I therfore aduertyse and by holde
This pyteous chaunce here in my presence
Full lytell meruayle thoughe my herte be colde
Consyderynge loo my lordes abscence
Alas that I so full of neclygence
Sholde be founde/be cause that I come so late
All men may saye that I am in fortunate

there begynneth the complaint of the mary Magdalen standing alone at his sepulcre there morning his at sept

Cause of my sorowe men may vnderstonde
(Quia tulerunt dominum meum)
Another is that I ne may vnderstande
I wote not (vbi posuerunt eum
Thus I must be wayle (dolorem meum
With herte weppnge I can no better deserue
Tyll deth approche my herte for to kerue

My herte oppresst with sodeyne auenture
By feruent angwysshe is be wrapped so
That longe this lyfe I may not endure
Suche is my payne/ suche is my mortall wo
Nedeles/ to what partye shall I go
In hope to fynde myne owne turtle true
My lyues Joye my soueraygne lorde Jesu

Syth all my Joye/ that I call his presence
I this remoued now I am full of mone
Alas the whyle/ I made no prouydence
For this myshap wherfore I syghe and grone
Socour to fynde to what place I myght gone
Full fayne I wolde to some mā my herte breke
I note to whome I may complayne or speke

Alas here I stande full sory and sadde
The whiche hoped to haue seene my lord & kyng
Small cause haue I to be mery or gladde
Remembrynge this bytter full departynge
In this worlde is no creature lyuynge
That was to me so good and gracyous
His loue also/ then golde more precyous

Full sore I syghe Without̄en comforte agayne
There is no cure to my saluacyon
His brennynge loue my herte so doth cõstrayne
Alas here is a Wofull permutacyon
Wherof I fynde Ioye nor consolation
Therfore my payne all onely to confesse
With dethe I fere Wyll ende my heupnes

This wo and anguysshe is intollerable
yf I byde here lyfe I can not sustayne
yf I go hens my paynes be incurable
For hym to fynde I knowe no place certayne
And thus I note of these thynges twayne
Whiche I may take and Whiche I may refuse
My herte is Woũded here on to thynke or muse

A whyle I shall stonde styll mornynge
In hope of ony vysyon Wyll appere
That of my loue myght tell me some tydynges
Whiche in to ioy myght chaũge my wepỹge cher
I trust in his grace and in his mercy dere
But at the leest thoughe I therWith me kyll
I shall not spare to Wayle and Wepe my fyll

And yf that I dye in suche aduenture
I can no more but Welcome is my chaunce
My bones shall rest here in this sepulcre
My lyfe/my deth is at his ordynaunce
It shall be tolde in lastynge remembraunce
Thus to departe it is to me no shame
And also therof I am nothynge to blame

Mary Magdalen 1568

Hope a gaynst me hath her course ytake
There is no more but this shall I dye
I se ryght well my lorde hath me forsake
But in my concyte cause knowe I none why
Thoughe he be ferre hens and no thynge nye
Yet my wofull herte after hym doth seke
And causeth teeres ren downe by my cheke

Thynkynge alas I haue loste his presence
Whiche in this worlde was all my sustenaunce
I crye and call/with herty dylydence
But here is no wytte gyued attendaunce
Me to certefye of myne inquiraunce
Wherfore I wyll to all this worlde bewray
How that my lorde is slayne and borne awas

Thoughe I morne it is no grete wonder
Sythe he is all my Joye in specyall
And now I thynke we be so ferre a sonder
That hym to se I fere neuer I shall
It helpeth no more after hym to call
Ne after hym to enquyre in ony cost
Alas how is he thus gone and lost

These Jewes I thynke full of mysery
Sette in malyce by theyr besy cure
With force and myght of gylefull trechery
Hath vndermyned my lordes sepulture
And borne awaye that precyouse fygure
Leuynge of it nothynge/yf they done so
Marryd I am alas what shall I do

With theyr vengeaunce insacyable
Now late they hym entreated so
That to reporte it full lamentable
They bete his body fro toppe to the to
Neuer man was borne that felte suche wo
They wounded hym alas with all greuaunce
The blode downe rayled in moost abūdaūce

The blody rawes stremed downe ouer all
They hym assayled so malycyously
With theyr scourges and strokes bestyall
They spared hym not but smote incessauntly
To satysfye theyr malyce they were full besy
They spytte in his face they smote here & there
He groned full sore and swette many a tere

They crowned hȳ w̄ thornes most sharp & kene
The vaynes rente the blode ran downe a pace
With blode ouercomen bothe were his eyen
And bollen with strokes was his blessyd face
They hym entreated as men without grace
They kneled to hym and made many a scorne
Lyke hell houndes they haue hym all to torne

Upon a huge crosse in length and in brede
These tormentours shewed theyr cursydnesse
They nayled hym without pyte or drede
His precyous blode braste out in largenesse
And treyned hym a longe as men mercylesse
Thy vere Joyntes all to myn apparence
Ryued a sondre for theyr grete vyolence

Mary Magdalen 17568

6 All this I beholdynge with myn eyen twayne
Stode there belyde with rufull attendaunce
And euer me thought he beynge in that payne
Loked on me with deedly countenaunce
Fare well magdaleyn depte must I nedes hēs
As he that layd in his specyall remembraunce
My herte is (Tanq̄ cera liquelcens

Whiche ruthfull lyght whan I can be holde
Out of my wyt I was almoost dyſtrawght
I tare my here/my handes I wronge & folde
And of ỹ lyght my hert dranke ſuche draught
That many a fall ſowynge there I caught
I broſed my body fallynge on the grounde
Wherof I fele many a greuous wounde

Than theſe wretches full of all frowardneſſe
Gaue hym to drynke ayſell tempred with gall
Alas that poyſon full of bytterneſſe
My loues chere cauſed then to be pall
And yet therof myght not he drynke at all
But ſpake theſe worde as hym thought beſt
Fader of heuen (Conſūmatum eſt

Than kneled I downe in paynes outrage
Clyppynge ỹ croſſe within myn armes twayne
His blode dyſtylled downe on my byſage
My clothes eke the droppes began to ſteyne
To haue dyed for hym I wolde full fayne
But what ſholde it auayle yf I dyde ſo
Sythen he is (Suſpenſus in patibulo)

Thus my lorde full dere was all dysguyled
With blode/with payne/w woũdes many one
His veynes breste/Joyntes ryued
Partynge a sonder the flesshe fro the bone
But I saye he henge not there alone
For(Cum iniquis deputatus est)
Not lyke a man but lyke a lepprouse best

A blyndfull knyght men called hym longyous
With spere approched vnto my soueraynе
Launsynge his syde alas full pyteouse
That precyous herte he clefte peces twayne
The purple blode eke from that hertes vayne
Downe rayned ryght fast in most rewfull wyse
With crystall water brought out of paradyse

Whan I behelde this wofull passyon
I wote not how by sodayne auenture
My herte was perced with very compassyon
That in me remayned no lyfe of nature
Strokes of dethe I felte withouten mesure
My dethes wounde I caught w woo oppresst
And brought to ỹ poynt as my hert shold brest

That woũde ỹ hert/ that blode of my derlynge
Shall neuer flyde from my memoryall
The bytter paynes also of tormentynge
Within my soule be grauen pryncypall
The spere alas that was so sharpe withall
So tyzled my herte as to my felynge
That body and soule were at departynge

Mary Magdalen 1568

As sone as I myght I releued vp agayne
My breth I coude not very well restore
Felynge my selfe drowned in so grete payne
Bothe body & soule me thought were all to tore
Vyolent falles greued me ryght sore
I wepte I bled and with my selfe fared
As one that for his lyfe nothynge had cared

I lokynge vp towarde that rufull rode
Sawe fyrst the vysage pale of that fygure
But so pyteous a syght spoted all with blode
Sawe neuer yet no lyuynge creature
So it exceded the boundes of mesure
That mannes mynde with all the wyttes fyue
Is nothynge able that payne to dyscryue

Than gan I there myne armes to vnbrace
Up lyftynge my hande mournyngly
I syghed and sore sobbed in that place
Bothe heuē & erth myght haue herde me crye
Weppynge I sayd alas incessauntly
A my swete herte my goostly peramoure
Alas I may not thy body socoure

O blessyd lorde how fyerse and how cruell
These cursed wyghtes now hath the be slayne
Keruynge thy body alas euery dele
Woūde within woūde full bytter is thy payne
Now wolde that I myght to the attayne
To nayle my body fast vnto a tree
So that of this wo thou myght go fre

I can not repoꝛte ne make reherſayle
Of my demeanynge with the cyꝛcumſtaunce
But Well I Wote the ſpere with euery nayle
Tyꝛled my ſoule by inwarde reſemblaunce
Whiche neuer ſhall out of my remembꝛaunce
Durynge my lyfe it wyll cauſe me to Wayle
As ofte as I remembꝛe that batayle

A ye Iewes woꝛſe than dogges rabyate
What moued you thus cruelly hym to aray
He neuer dyſpleaſed you noꝛ cauſed debate
Your loue and trwe hertes he couepted ay
He p̄ched he teched he ſhewed you ỹ ryght way
Wherfoꝛe ye lyke tyraũtes Wood & way Warde
Now haue hym thus ſlayne foꝛ his rewarde

Ye ought to haue remēbꝛed one thynge ſpecyal
His fauour his grace and magnyfycence
He Was your pꝛynce boꝛne/and loꝛde ouer all
How be it ye toke hym in ſmall reuerence
He Was full meke in ſuffrynge your offence
Neuer the leſſe ye deuoured hym w̄ one aſſente
As hungry Wolues doth the lambe Innocente

Where Was your pyte/o people mereyleſſe
Armynge your ſelfe With falſhode and treaſon
On my loꝛde ye haue ſhewed your goodneſſe
Lyke no man but beeſtes Without reaſon
Your malyce he ſuffred all foꝛ the ſeaſon
Your payne Wyll come thynke it not ſlacke
Wan hauynge no mercy mercy ſhall lacke

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O ye traytours and maynteners of madnesse
Unto your foly I scrybe all my payne
ye haue me depryued of Joye and gladnesse
So dealynge with my lorde and souerayne
Nothȳge sholde I nede thus now to cōplayne
yf he had lyued in peace and tranquylyte
whome ye haue slayne thorowe your iniquite

Fare well your noblenesse ẏ sōtyme dyde reyne
Fare well your worshyp both glorye and fame
Here after to lyue in hate and dysdeyne
Meruayle ye not for your trespasse and blame
Unto shame is torned all your name
Upon you wyll wondre now euery nacyon
As people of moost vyle reputacyon

These wycked wretches these houndes of hell
As I haue tolde playne here in this sentence
were not content my dere loue thus to quell
But yet they moost enbesyle his presence
As I apperceyue by couerte vyolence
They haue hym conueyde to my displeasure
For here is lefte but naked sepulture

wherfore of trouth and ryghtfull Jugement
That theyr malyce ayen may be acquyted
After my verdyte and aduysement
Of faulse murdre they shall be endyted
Of thefte also whiche shall not be respyted
And in all hast they shall be hanged & drawe
I wyll my selfe plede this cause in the lawe

Alas yf I with true attendaunce
Had styll a byden With my lozdes cozse
And kepte it styll With trewe perseueraunce
Than had not befall this Wofull deuozse
But as foz my payne welcome and no fozce
This shall be my songe Where someuer I go
Departynge is grounde of all my Wo

I se ryght Well noW in my paynes smerte
There is no wounde of so greuous doloure
As is the Wounde of my carefull herte
Sythe I haue lost this my paramoure
All sW.tnesse is tozned in to soure
Wyzth to my herte may nothynge conueye
But he that bereth therot bothe locke & keye

The Joye excellent of blessed paradyse
Way me alas in no Wyse recconfozte
Songe of aungell may me nothynge suffyse
As in my herte noW to make dyspozte
All I refuse but that I myght resozte
Unto my loue/the Well of godlyhed
Foz whose longynge I troWe I shall be deed

Of paynfull labour and tozment cozpozall
I make therof none excepcyon
Paynes of hell I Wolde passe ouer all
My loue to fynde in myne affeccyon
So grete to hym is my dyleccyon
A thousande tymes martyzed wolde I be
His blessyd cozse ones yf I myght se

12 Aboute this worlde so large in all compace
I shall not spare to renne my lyfe durynge
My feet also shall not reste in place
Tyll of my loue I may here some tydynge
For whose absence my handes now I wrynge
To thynke on hym cease shall neuer my mynde
O trewe Jesu where shall I the fynde

Jherusalem wyll I serche frome place to place
Syon/the vale of Josaphath also
And yf I fynde hym not in all this space
By mount olyuyt to bethany wyll I go
These wayes wyll I wandre and many mo
Nazareth/Bethleem/Montana Jude
No trauayll shall me payne hym for to se

His blessyd face yf I myght se & hym to fynde
Serche I wolde euery coste and countre
The fardest parte of Egypte or hote ynde
Sholde be to me but a lytell Journe
How is he thus gone or taken away
yf I knewe the full treuth and certaynte
yet from this care released myght I be

In to wylderneste I thynke best to go
Syth I can no more tydynges of hym here
There may I my lyfe lede to and fro.
There may I dwelle and to no man appere
To towne nor yet village wyl I not drawe nere
Alone in woodes/in rockes/& caues depe
I may at myn owne wyll bothe wayle & wepe

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Mary Magdalen

My Ioye is translate full ferre in exyle
My myrth is chaunged in to paynes colde
My lyfe I thynke endureth but a Whyle
Anguyshe and payne is all that I beholde
Wherfore my handes thus I wrynge & folde
In to this graue I loke/ I call/ I pray
Dethe remayneth and lyfe is borne awaye

Now must I walke and wander here & there
God wote to what partyes I shall me dresse
With quakynge herte wepynge many a tere
To seke out my loue and all my swetnesse
I wolde he wyst what mortall heuynesse
Aboute my herte reneweth more and more
Then wolde he not kepe pyte longe in store

Without hym I may not endure
His loue so werketh all within my breste
And euer I wepe before this sepulture
Syghynge full sore as my herte sholde breste
Durynge my lyfe I shall optayne no reste
But mourne and wepe where that euer I go
Makynge complaynte of all my paynfull wo

Fast I crye but there is none audyence
My comynge hyther was hym for to please
My soule oppresst is here with his absence
Alas he lyste not to sette myne herte in ease
Wherfore to payne myselfe with all dysease
I shall not spare tyll he take me to grace
Or elles shall I sterue here in this place

14 Ones yf I myght with hym now here speke
It were all my Joye with perfyte pleasaunce
So that I myght to hym my herte out breke
I sholde anone deuoyde all my greuaunce
For he is the blysse of veray recreaunce
But now alas I can nothynge do so
For in stede of Joye nought haue I but wo

His noble corse within my hertes rote
Depe is grauen whiche shall neuer slake
Now is he gone to what place I ne wote
I mourne I wepe and all is for his sake
Syth he is past here a vow I make
With hertely promyse and therto I me bynde
Neuer to sease tyll I may hym fynde

Unto his moder I thynke best to go
Of her happy sone comforte may I take
But one thynge yet me fereth and no mo
If I ony mencyon of hym make
Of my wordes she wolde tremble and quake
And who coude her blame she hauyng but one
The sone borne away the moder wyll mone

Sorowes many hath she suffred truly
Syth that she hym fyrst conceyued and bare
And .vij. thynges there be moost specyall
That drowned her herte in sorowe and care
yet lo in no wyse may they compare
With this one now ȳ whiche yf she knewe
She wolde her paynes euery chone renewe

Grete was her sorowe by mannes seynge
Whan in the temple Symeon Justus
Shewed to her these wordes prophetynge
(Tuam animam pertransibit gladius)
Also Whan Herode that tyraunt furyous
Her chylde pursued in euery place
She knewe for his lyfe went mercyne grace

She mourned whã she thought hȳ lost & gone
Full longe she sought or she foũde hym agayne
Whan he went to deth his crosse hym vpon
It was to her eye syght a ruthfull payne
Whã he henge theron betwene theuys twayne
And the spere vnto his hert Was thryst ryght
She sowned downe to ỹ groũde ther pyght

Whan dced and all blody in her lappe laye
His body With hande and fote all to torne
She cryed out and sayd nowe wale awaye
Thus arayed Was neuer man be forne
Whan hast was made his body to be borne
Unto this sepulture here to remayne
Unneth for Wo she coude herselfe susteyne

These sorowes .bij. lyke swerdes euerychone
The moder herte wounded from syde to syde
But yf she knewe her sone were thus gone
Out of this worlde she sholde With deth ryde
For care she coude no lenger here abyde
Hauynge no more Joye and consolacyon
Then I here stondynge in this stacyon

16 Wherfore her to se I dare not presume
From her presence I wyll my selfe withdrawe
yet I had leuer to dye and consume
Then his moder sholde haue ony more payne
Nethelesse her sone wolde I se full fayne
His presence was very Joye and swetnesse
His absence now but sorowe and sournesse

There is nomore syth I hym may not mete
Whome I desyre aboue all other thynge
Nedes I must take the soure with the swete
For of his noble courte I here no tydynge
Full ofte I crye my hondes ofte I wrynge
My herte alas relenteth all in payne
Whiche wyll brest I fere both senowe & vayne

Alas how vnhappy is this wofull houre
Wherin is thus spended my seruyce
For myne entent and eke my trewe laboure
To none enfecte may come in ony wyse
Alas I thynke yf he do me dyspyse
And lyste not to take my symple obseruaunce
There is no more but deth is my fynaunce

I haue hym called (Sed non respondet mihi)
Wherfore my myrthe is chaunged in to mornȳ-
O dere lorde (Quid mali tibi feci) (ge
That me to cõfort I fynde none erthely thȳge
Alas haue compassyon of my eryenge
yf from me (Faciem tuam abscondas)
There is no more but (Comsumere me vis)

Within my herte is grounded thy fygure
That all this worlde the horryble tormente
May not it aswage it is without mesure
It is so brennynge it is so feruente
Remembre lorde I haue ben dylygente
Euer the to pleate onely and no mo
My herte is with the where so euer I go

Therfore my derlynge (trahe me post te)
And let me not stonde here thus desolate
(Quia non est qui consoletur me)
My herte for the is all dysconsolate
My paynes also nothynge may moderate
Now yf it lyste the to speke with me a lyue
Come in hast for my herte asonder wyll ryue

To the I proffer my poore scrupse
The for to please after myn owne entente
I offer here as in deuoute sacrefyce
My borre replete with precyous oyntemente
Myn eyen twayne weppynge suffycyente
My herte with anguysshe tulyfied alas
My soule eke redy for loue about to pas

Nought elles haue I the to please or paye
For yf my herte were golde or precyous stone
It sholde be thyne without delaye
With hertly chere thou sholde haue it anone
Why suffrest thou me than to stonde alone
Thou hast I trowe my weppynge in dysdeyne
Or elles thou knowest not what is my name

Mary Magdalen 1508

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yf thou with drawe thy noble dalyaunce
For ought that euer I dyspleased the
Thou knowest ryght well it is but ignoraũce
And of no knowlege for certente
yf I haue offended lorde forgyue me
Glad I am for to make full repentaunce
Of all thynges that hath ben to thy greuaũce

My herte alas he welleth within my cheft
So fore oppreſſed for anguyſſhe and payne
That all to peces forſothe it wyll breſt
But yf I ſe thy bleſſyd corſe agayne
For lyfe ne deth I can not me refrayne
yf thou make delay thou may be ſure
My herte wyll lepe in to this ſepulture

Alas my lorde why fareſt thou thus with me
My trybulacyon yet haue in mynde
Where is thy mercy where is thy pyte
Whiche euer I truſted in the to fynde
Somtyme thou were to me both good & kynde
Late it pleaſe the my prayer to accepte
Whiche with teres I haue here be wepte

On me thou ought to haue very rewth
Syth for the is all this mournynge
For ſyth I to the applyed fyrſt my trewth
I neuer varyed with dyſcordynge
That knoweſt thou beſt myn owne derlynge
Why conſtreyneſt thou me thus to wayle
My wo for ſoth can the nothynge auayle

I haue endured withouten varyaunce
Ryght as thou knowest thy louer Just & trwe
With herte and thought ay at theyr ordenaũce
Lyke to the saphyre alway in one hewe
I neuer chaunged the for ony newe
Why withdrawest thou my presence
Syth all my thought is for thyn absence

With herte entyere swete lorde I crye to the
Inclyne thyne eeres to my petycyon
And come (Velociter exaudi me)
Remembre my hertes dysposycyon
It may not endure in this condycyon
Therfore out of this paynes (Libera me)
And where thou arte (Pone me iuxta te

Let me beholde o Jesu thy blessyd face
Thy fayre gloryous aungelyke vysage
Bow thyn eeres to my complaynt
For to reconceyue me out of this eage
Alas my lorde take from me this domage
And for my desyre for mercy condecende
For none but thou my greuaũce may amende

Now yet good lorde the I beseche and praye
As thou reysed my broder Lazarus
From deth to lyfe vpon the .iij. daye
Come agayne in body and soule precyous
As grete a thynge mayst thou shewe vnto vs
Of thy selfe by the power of thy god hede
As thou dyde of hym lyenge in graue deed

My herte is wounded with thy charyte
It brenneth it flameth incessauntly
Come my good lorde (ad adiuuandum me)
Now be not longe my payne to multyply
Lest in the meane tyme I departe and dy
In thy grace I put bothe hope and credence
To do it pleaseth thy magnyfycence

Floodes of deth and trybulacyon
In to my soule I fele entred full depe
Alas that here is no consolacyon
Euer I wayle/euer I morne and wepe
Wherby care hath my herte wounded depe
O depe loue no meruayle it is though I dye
(Sagitte tue sixe sunt michi)

Wandrynge in this place as in wyldernesse
No comforte haue I nor yet assuraunce
Desolate of Joye replete with fayntnesse
None answere receyuynge of myn inquysycyon
My herte also greuyd with dyspleasure
Wherfore I may saye (O deus deus
Non est dolor sicut dolor meus)

My herte expresseth (Quod dilexi multum
I may not endure though I wolde full fayne
For now (Solum superest sepulcrum)
I knowe it ryght well by my huge payne
Thus for to loue I may not lyue sustayne
But o god I muse what eyleth the
(Quod sic repente precipitas me)

Alas I se it wyll none other wyse be
Now must I take my leue for euer more
This bytter payne hath almoost dyscõfyte me
My loue corse I can not in no wyse restore
Alas to this wo that euer I was bore
Here at this tombe now must I dye & sterue
Deth is aboute my herte for to kerue

My testament I wyll begyn to make
To god the fader my soule I commende
To Jesu my loue that dyed for my sake
My herte rote and all both I gyue and sende
In whose ardent loue my lyfe maketh an ende
My body also vnto this monumente
Here bequyeth with boxe and oyntemente

Of all my wylles lo now I make the laste
Right in this place within this sepulture
I wyll be buryed whan I am deed and paste
And vpõ my graue I wyl haue this scrypture
Here within resteth a goostely creature
Cristes true louer mary Magdeleyn
Whose herte for loue brast in peces tweyn

Ye vertuous women tender of nature
Full of pyte and of compassyon
Resorte I pray you vnto my sepulture
To synge my dyrige with grete deuocyon
Shewe your charyte in this condycyon
Synge with pyte and lette your hertes wepe
Remembrynge I am deed and layde a slepe

Mary Magdalen 1563

22 Than whan ye begynne to parte me fro
And ended haue your mournynge obseruaũce
Remembre where so meuer ye go
Alwaye to serche and make dewe inquiraunce
After my loue my hertes sustenaunce
In euery towne and euery vyllage
yf ye may here of his noble ymage

And yf it happe by ony grace at the laste
That ye my trewe loue fynde in ony coste
Say that his magdaleyn is deed and paste
For his pure loue she hath yelde vp her goste
Say that of all thynge I loued hym moost
And say that I myght not this deth exchewe
My paynes so sore dyde euer renewe

And in token of loue perpetuall
Whan I am buryed in this place present
Take out my herte the very rote and all
And close it within this boxe of oyntement
To my dere loue make therof a presente
Knelynge downe with worde lamentable
Do your message speke fayre and tretable

Say that I to hym my selfe commende
A thousande tymes with herte so fre
This poore tōken say to hym I sende
Pleaseth it his goodnes to take it in gree
It is his owne of ryght it is his fee
Whiche he asked whan he sayd longe before
Gyue me thyn herte I desyre nomore

Adieu my lorde my loue so fayre of face
Adieu my turtyll doue frende of hewe
Adieu my myrth/Adieu all my solace
Adieu alas my sauyour lorde Jesu
Adieu the gentyllest that euer I knewe
Adieu my moost excellent peramoure
Fayrer than rose swetter than the lely floure

Adieu my hope of pleasure eternall
My lyfe my welth and my prosperyte
My herte of golde/my perle orentall
My adamont of perfyte charyte
My chefe refuge and my felycyte
My conforte and all recreacyon
Fare well parpetuall saluacyon

Fare well myn emperour celestyall
Moost beaute full prynce of mankynde
Adieu my lorde of herte moost lyberall
Fare well swetenesse bothe soule and mynde
So louynge a spouse shall I neuer fynde
Adieu my souerayne and very gentylman
Fare well dere lorde hertely as I can

Thy wordes eloquent flowynge in swetnesse
Shall no more alas my mynde recomforte
Wherfore my lyfe must ende in bytternesse
For in this worlde shall I neuer resorte
To the whiche were my heuenly dysporte
I se alas it wyll none other be
Now fare well the grounde of all dygnyte

mary magdalen
17.568

A dieu my fayrest that euer was boꝛe
Alas I may not se thy blessyd face
Now Wayle awaye that I shall se no moꝛe
Thy blessyd bysage so replete With grace
Wherin is pꝛynted my perfyte solace
A dieu my herte rote and all foꝛ euer
Now fare Well I must frome the dysceuer

My soule foꝛ anguysshe is noW full thꝛysty
I faynt ryght soꝛe foꝛ heuynesse
My loꝛde/my spouse(Cur me derelinquisti)
Syth I foꝛ the suffer all this dystresse
What causeth the to se me thus mercyless
Syth the it pleaseth of me to make an ende
(In manus tuas) My spꝛyꝛyte I commende.

FINIS

Here endeth the complaynte of the louer of cryst Saynt mary Magdaleyn. Enpꝛynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of ỳ Sonne by Wynkyn de Woꝛde.

17.08

Mary Magdalen